

# THE DAILY REBEL.

Persons ordering THE REBEL by mail will please bear in mind that we will not receive any of the shipments issued by the Southern Insurance Companies, nor those issued by private bankers in Montgomery or elsewhere. Neither will we undertake to return shipments sent us, after the publication of this notice.

We wish to employ a night meeting clerk. A reliable man, we offer good wages and a permanent situation.

TUESDAY MORNING, FEB. 24, 1863.

## THE SITUATION.

We have a copy of the Nashville "Union" of the 18th. Its columns are mainly devoted to a dissection of the Louisville Journal, which it denounces for its pro-slavery character. There is no local news of interest; and the telegrams are generally devoid of consequence.

The New York World of the 17th, has a despatch from Washington, announcing that Butler will return to New Orleans, and that Fremont is about to set out for Texas. The Alabama has made several new prizes. She left Kingston on the 2nd inst. Gold is 52¢ Cotton 9¢. Bank of Tennessee and Union and Planters' Banks quoted at par by Nashville brokers.

Advices from the front in Middle Tennessee, state that Rosecrans has advanced as far as Middleton, half way between Murfreesboro and Shelbyville. This is hardly a pre-ditated advance in force. We learn from the Union that the abolition army is completely blockaded by mud. In regard to reinforce-

ments, a gentleman just out of Nashville, states that the most accurate calculations assign fifteen thousand as the outside. According to the private conversation of the federal officers, their loss at Murfreesboro is killed, wounded, prisoners and deserters, was twenty-five thousand. The enemy is therefore less by ten thousand, than where he met us on the 21st of December. There is no doubt that we are stronger in numbers, and in even better plight as regards what are called the morale of our army. The presence of Gen. Johnston and the admirable energy of Gen. Bragg have been two of the happiest influences. Should Rosecrans attack us, we are ready to receive him and his ruffians with "open arms and hospitable graves." Among other things it is stated that Gen. Johnston has had a personal interview with every Colonel in the army of Middle Tennessee, and expresses himself highly pleased with the character of the officers thus brought under his personal acquaintance.

The case of Thos. H. Caldwell, arrested for treasonable correspondence with the enemy is under investigation we believe, at Tullahoma.

It is sometimes well during the progress of a great struggle, observes a philosophic writer, to recur to the point of view from which we regarded the commencement.—From a Yankee and foreign stand-point, this has been very accurately done by the London Times, of a recent date. When the war began, the Southern States would have to contend, as was confidently predicted, with three elements of weakness.—

"The first was," says that journal, "the disaffection of the negro population, which it was assumed would rise against the slave-owners at the earliest opportunity; the second was the existence of a strong Union party in the bosom of the new Confederacy; the third was the want of money, or credit to carry on the war." The South, we may add on the other hand, took three equally delusive elements of strength for granted. The first was its accession without war; the second was, in the event of a war, an easy and early triumph; and the third was, at all hazards and in any event, the recognition of its independence by the powers of Europe. Thus, both sides mistook the true premises; both sides have been woefully deceived; and whilst the people of the South have long ago awakened to their error, and amended it by a series of efforts the most brilliant in history, the North and all Europe have stood back aghast at the splendid failure of every prophecy regarding us. Of all the mistakes, however, into which we were led, none has stuck to us so persistently as the intervention humbug. It was confidently predicted in the beginning, that the want of cotton if no other motive would soon force the British Government to intervene in behalf of the Confederate States. Time at last has completely brushed away the delusion. Since the British ministry rejected the mediation proposed by the French Emperor, we believe no one has looked to that quarter for any immediate steps of a favorable character. It is now reported that Napoleon has another mediation scheme on foot. This may be true, and what will it amount to if it be true? Can anybody tell? We think not.

"How weighed is that poor man that hangs on prince's favor."

It is better, far better, that the South

should work out her own salvation. It is better, far better, that she should owe her independence to her own strong arm and indomitable determination to be free. Her destiny is in her own hands; and a few more heavy blows will achieve her deliverance. When that happy day shall have arrived, let it not be said that we are the debtors of any nation or potentate on earth. These sentiments we have long entertained and often expressed; and we only repeat them now in connection with a few reflections on the "signs of the times" in the dominions of Abraham the First. The Yankees, twelve months ago, were going to sweep every rebel and every rebel sympathizer into the Gulf of Mexico. They had no doubt of their ability to do it, and nobody questioned their hellish inclinations. The last half of '62 unfolded to them the utter impossibility of conquering the South. Then, for the first time, we heard a general murmur against Lincoln—So it swelled into a cry,

"It's a low voice, but 'tis a loud roar."

Now the fact cannot be controverted that a majority of the citizens of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and other States, perhaps, are sick of the war and ardently desire peace. It is needless to ask, what has produced this mighty change! Every man knows, who is capable of spelling crucifix, that our gallant troops have done the good work. Had they been defeated before Richmond, at Vicksburg, and a few other points, the Yankee howl of extermination would have doubled in volume.

Our soldiers are still to do it. Defend us still upon all the cardinal points of attack and we are safe. But let us lose one and the war is extended indefinitely. Pluck us what we want more than politics or diplomacy, and swords more than pens. Let the North go on. All well and good. But let us go on, too, and it will be better. No man ought to be deluded; so cock, however game, should crow before it is day.

The paragraph we publish elsewhere from the Manchester Patriot, regarding the destruction of the property of our esteemed friend, Judge Bromfield Ridley, by the Northern barbarians, is true in letter and substance. We have a private letter from the Judge in which he remarks that the vandals not only destroyed everything on his premises, but came very near burning up his wife and daughter, the only members of his family who were at home.

A correspondent of a Florida paper says a spring which was running near Fredericksburg, before the war of the First Revolution, dried up three months before a treaty of peace in the war of 1812, and so in the Mexican war.

Three months before the Fall of Sancti Iustus was running and now it has stopped and the water lies high on "peace in three months." If he fixes his hopes on that spring, we may well exclaim with the poet that, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

Rosecrans has recently issued an order that every Federal found in Federal uniform shall be treated as a spy. He will have

many spies to treat before he gets through. Nearly every Southern soldier has a Yankee overcoat. The skin is the spoil of the hunter when he kills the coon.

At the battle of Murfreesboro, the Yankees captured a young rebel who wore a gumby-bag with a hole in it, for a shirt. "Couldn't your government afford to give you a shirt?" said his captor. "Shirt, the d—l said he of the gumby-bags—did you expect me to have a thousand shirts?"

In the Yankee Congress the other day, Mr. Doolittle denounced the effort to inculpate the Democracy of the North in the idea that the war was unconstitutional. Mr. Doolittle had little to do, to do that.

At Murfreesboro and on the Rappahannock, the Yankees are said to be sick in the mud. If our boys again take after them, some of them will be stuck in the back.

Failing to complete their famous "cuff-off" at the Vicksburg Peninsula, we believe the Yankees have sensibly concluded to "cut out."

An old bar-room on Main street, long since closed out, by the military, is facetiously designated by a wag as "the place of departed spirits."

When Beast Butler dies and goes to that bourne from whence no Yankees ever gets a furlong, we suppose his Satanic Majesty will make him "commandant of the Post" there.

The Queen of the West was captured by a Confederate pilot—no John Burke. In other words we "took their Queen with our Jack," as the good encrusters say.

The Federals endeavored to cut a channel at Vicksburg for the passage of their transports. That is they wanted the Mississippi river to have an artificial ramification.

The Southern Express Company have made arrangements by which subscriptions to any paper in the Confederacy may be sent through their agents free of charge.

## BY GRAPE-VINE AND OTHERWISE.

### ON BITS OF THE DAY.

CHATTANOOGA..... Monday Evening, 5 P. M.  
It is rarely that I am political; but a copy of that infamous mud rag, the "Daily Dirty Union" of the 18th has been placed before me, and in examining its contents, I must depart from my usual custom. The leading feature of this issue is its assault upon Prentiss, who is denounced as a "pro-slavery propagandist." Good Lord! Not only this; the Journal is attacked on all sides. The quantity of mud thrown at it is enormous. I quote a few "spicy" specimens—stand from under while I give.

SPECIMEN NO. 1.

"The muster of two hundred thousand negroes and their operations in the field would be bad enough" [Louisville Journal.]

Well, if their "operations" fall upon your head, you will feel as much in your element as a tumble-bug. There's wisdom for you! Take out your Testaments and when found stick a pin. But here's another—

SPECIMEN NO. 2.

"The Louisville Journal says that we are "wounded." Better be "wound up" than run down, like the Journal, with the mud-spring of common sense, and be balanced or of good temper both utterly ruined."

We suspect that "wind" is equal to the poison on the poison tree, referred to by the orator of the "sharp of a thousand strings." But the editor grows poetical, and gives us a dash of sentiment in.

SPECIMEN NO. 3.

"The Journal, from the force of mere habit, still makes of its "logic" and its "arguments," and at tempts to play the critic. We can excuse it.

"Some are bewildered in the maze of schools, and some made coxcomb, nature had fool'd; in search of wit, these lose their common sense, and then turn critics to their own defence." But unkindly for the pro-slavery organ:

"Some neither can with wit nor critics pass, As heavy mules are neither bold nor wise."

In conclusion, the "Union" comes down hard on the donkey question. Here are

SPECIMEN 4 AND 5.

"The Louisville Journal says that the Union has made an ass of itself. It evidently doesn't like competition. Well, the Journal monkey may have the stool to itself, and bray as loudly as it pleases over its bunch of conservative trash on."

The Louisville Journal prints the word "ass" twice in one brief paragraph. What egotism!"

There, that will do! Foh! let us wash our hands and . . . But first let us note a grand fete. In another column we find the following. It speaks for itself—

CELEBRATION

OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, Monday, Feb. 22d, 1863.

THE COMMITTEE ON THE PART OF THE COMMON COMMANDER OF THE "NASHVILLE UNION CLUB" HAVE ADDED AS THE ORDER OF EXERCISES AT THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES AT THE STATE CAPITOL:

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

COMMENCING AT 11 O'CLOCK, A. M.

1. Music by the Military Band—"Hail Columbia," and by the Glee Club—"Red, White and Blue."

2. Prayer by Rev. J. Huntington.

3. March by the Band—"Star-Spangled Banner," and the Glee Club—"Battle Cry of Freedom."

4. Reading of Washington's Farewell Address by Jordan Stiles, Esq.

5. Music by Band—"Banner of the Free," Music by Glee Club—"Glory Hallelujah!"

6. Introduction and speeches of invited guests, and reading letters from them.

7. Music by Band—"Grand March," "The American Boy," Music by Glee Club—"Flag of the Free."

The whole to conclude with the "Star-Spangled Banner," by the Military Band and Glee Club, and the audience are invited to join in the chorus.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

ON MUSIC.

Athanasius Myers, Col. John A. Martin,

Charles Syers, C. H. W. Bent,

Capt. J. W. Clark, Capt. Austin,

John H. Irwin, John Hugh Smith,

Levi C. T. Wharton, William P. Dowen,

Sgt. C. J. Campbell.

COLONIAL CAUCUS.

ON RECEPTION.

John H. Irwin, William P. Dowen,

Capt. E. R. Glasecock.

Com. Com. Council.

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